

Along the Road

The road is an archetype.

The Royal Road to the Unconscious or so they say. The King's Highway or Queen's Highway.

But putting the archetype of king or queen upon the archetype of road is a bit like covering one tarot card with another.

The King of Cups, Wands, Swords or Coins placed upon the Road card. Except that there isn't a Road card in the Tarot.

The nearest things would be either the Chariot card or the Moon card. The Chariot refers to the body as a vehicle. The Moon card has drawn upon it a road which leads between two towers and then over the mountains and far away. The road begins from the lobster pool.

Perhaps the Monarchy (Moonarchy?) isn't necessary to the road. The king is merely part of a greater archetype. The leader, the chief, the boss, the commissar, the captain.

They had roads in the Roman Republic and in every other republic. Perhaps the road to the unconscious isn't necessarily a road ruled by a king but rather is a road that is RULED. The etymology of this kind of stuff goes back often to Proto-Indo European roots and so similar European words like "right" and "regal" will match up with Indian words like "rig" and "raj". It seems to me that the reference in the card is supposed to be about a power that rules, much as the moon rules the tides.

The Road is symbolic of a ruling system which marks out areas in the surrounding lands and declares what is legally possible within the sway of its power. It represents The Way in which things are permitted to be done.

"There's a bye-law to say you must be on your way and another to say you can't wander" - Ewan MacColl "Thirty-Foot Trailer"



The human mind is a lot bigger than we usually think.

We usually have an idea of the mind being a little thing which exists inside our heads. The mind as an activity taking place inside the limits of our brains.

In reality the mind has open borders which connect, through language and emotions, to all the other minds we meet along the road of life. Our friends and contacts exist in us and we exist in them. Our internalised version of our friends and everyone we know or even have heard of exists at varying degrees of distortion, inaccuracy and misunderstanding but usually still bears some resemblance to the real person. It is a vision of what each individual means to us, their significance in our lives.

So every person we can think of is a joined together symbol of our idea of them combined with who and what they really are in their own lives.

The mother, the father, the stranger, the celebrity, the friend, the enemy, the helper, the hurt, the leader, the follower.

The Path of Righteousness, the Way of the Tao.

All roads lead to Rome.

The Silk Road joined East with West.

Saint Paul had his epiphany on the Road to Damascus.

In the Romany language the word for road is Drom.

A mark or message left along the road in cryptic form is a "Patrin" (pattern).

Compare English: Drum, Dream, Dram, Drama, Drone, Zone, Bone.

Compare: Irish "Dhroim", "Drom" or "Dromma" (back, ridge),

Greek: "Trauma" (a wound, a hurt; a defeat),

Proto-Indo-European: "trau-" (to rub, turn, twist, pierce),

German: "Straße or Strasse" (Street, Road), "Sraum" (space) and "Traum" (dream).

Noel Coward's Song "London Pride" says: "Cockney feet mark the beat of history, Every street pins a memory down".

Our whole lives we are mark making. Leaving traces of our lives in the landscape. A record in the psychogeography which, in turn, leaves its marks upon us.

Memory, mammary, mimicry, mimicry, Mom, Momus, modus, Midas, minders, madness, muchness, "and they drew all manner of things--everything that begins with an M-- such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness--" Mark making at the bottom of a well.

Compare: Well, Will, While, Wile, Wool, Wellage, Willage, Village, DeVille, Devil, De'il among the tailors, Lived, Lied, Led, Lead, Lido, Ludo, Ludens, Ludicrous,

Compare: All the variations of Ley, Lie, Lay, Line, Linear, Lenient, Lent, Relent, Real, Reel, Roll, Role, Rely, Huge, Luge, Lug, Lag, Log, La, Lane, Lone, Low, Lo, Li, Loop, Lune, Lan, Liminal, Luma, Luna, Lean, Selene, Sea Line, Sea Lion, Salt, Saline, Saloon,

Where the lines cross is a "Moiré", an interference pattern.

Where roads cross there is Hecate, the Goddess of the Crossroads. There is choice. There is decision. There is Robert Johnson finding the Blues. But the psychogeography of Britain and Europe is scarred by centuries of gallows and gibbets at the crossroads and, before that, crucifixions.

The road where the house was. The road where the garden was. The house where I was born. The home of all that I knew in life. The house and garden where I lived for the first 16 years of my life.

Which were destroyed by London.]

In 1965 We found that the all knowing London authorities had decided to expand the boundaries of Greater London to include the bit of North Surrey where my mum, my dad, my sisters and me lived.

In 1969 my dad was 64 years old and working as a boiler stoker on shift work in Belmont Hospital. He also had a part-time job as a gardener. He was a brilliant gardener. He had won prizes for our front garden flower beds. The back garden had fruit trees. Peaches. Plums. Apples. Pears. My dad had put years of work into creating a nice home environment for me and my sisters to grow up in. A home for the family. Beautiful. Nice.

He was suffering with blood clots in his legs. He went into hospital for an operation. He died. I can't explain about the devastation for a young boy to lose his father. And all the devastation around as my mother, my sisters and everybody were suffering the same grief. There is a connection between the Father Archetype and the Road Archetype. The connection is called "following in your father's footsteps". The boy feels the deep existential knowledge that his father's footsteps lead to the grave.

Then we got a letter from the new council which had taken over the area. Not the Surrey County Council which had built our road and the prefab houses in it. The new council which was part of London.

The London County Council had decided that our road, our prefabs, our estate was obsolete. We were to be re-housed. The road was to be demolished. Shanklin Road, Belmont, Sutton, Surrey. The entire road. All the prefabs. Everything. To be bulldozed. In the forthcoming months we saw houses knocked down all around us. My mum, now a widow, my sisters and I. We saw another house gone and another house gone and another one bites the dust. We were one of the last to go. Each day we saw the devastation around us and it looked like a war zone. Sometimes I sat on the sidewalk playing the Beatles White Double Album on a little battery operated record player. "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" "While My Guitar Gently Weeps". We clung on to the bitter end but we had to go. My dad's gardens. The fruit trees. The greenhouse. All gone. The house itself. Gone. All flattened by the bulldozers.

Then they were let loose in all their fury. More bulldozers. Everything was destroyed. The tarmac of the road, the asphalt of the sidewalks, the farmer's field behind our back fence too. They ploughed it all up into rubble.

Then they built all over the whole piece of land a maze of modernistic Brutalist "rabbit hutch" flats.

Our little road had stood beside a greater road. The Brighton Road connects London with the South Coast. From across the beautiful Surrey Hills, The North Downs and into Sussex and

South Downs. Brighton beckons. We sometimes saw veteran cars along our stretch of the Brighton Road, stragglers who had wandered from the official Veteran Car Rally route.

Neil Armstrong walked on the moon and the Beatles broke up. The 1960s ended. We were relocated to Morden (Nedrom). Moving us further in towards London itself and London had begun to be a symbol to me of the oppressive state.

I worked as an office boy in Fleet Street, commuting into London each day on the train. Surrounded every day by city gents wearing bowler hats and carrying rolled umbrellas. Things which were then current are now an historical costume like doublet and hose. It was on that train journey that I read *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, Ward Moore's "Bring the Jubilee" and a great many other books. From Saint Helier railway station in Surrey to Waterloo and Embankment via Wimbledon.

In 1971 I became 18. I was thinking that I was no longer a boy and therefore I shouldn't continue working in a job with the title "Office Boy".

I decided to go travelling.

I was wrong of course. About not being a boy.

I was a very immature 18 year old. Very much still a boy with a boy's way of thinking.

I was 18 and I was in a very secretive state of mind. For some reason I felt as though I had to make all of my plans secretly and not discuss anything with grown ups. What is it about about teenage years that we so often feel that we cannot talk to anyone about our feelings and plans?

Fear of ridicule, fear of being talked out of it, fear of not being sufficiently articulate to explain things properly, some combination of those sort of things I suppose.

I'd already had some intense argument leaving work at my 18th Birthday. I'd only given a few days notice and I was too young and stupid to understand why that caused a problem for my employers.

Now I was getting ready to leave home in the early hours of the morning leaving only a note to my mum to say I was going travelling.

I was influenced by Simon and Garfunkel's "American Tune" in which the lyrics talk about going "to look for America" and I made my plan to go and look for England. To search for some knowledge of the spirit of the country in which I lived. I had not read Jack Kerouac in those early days of my life so I got it from Paul Simon instead.

To go and look for the country in which you live. Frenchmen to go and look for France, Canadians to go and look for Canada, Australians to go and look for Australia, Africans to go and look for Africa, Spaniards to go and look for Spain.

I was going to go and look for England. It was out there somewhere.

There was a sense of knowing only superficial experience of England. I felt that there were great secrets to be learned beneath the surface. The real England, the real U.K. It was there if I was willing to look for it.

It was 1971 and David Bowie was still a one hit wonder who performed at the first Glastonbury festival as a hippy playing to other hippies in a cow field.

Marc Bolan had transitioned from hippy chanter of fairyspeak to rock'n'roll god hero.

It was 1971 and the charts were a mixed bag filled with glam and retro and bubblegum and lots of odd genres competing for the public ear-space. A band named Greyhound had a hit with a reggae version of the folk music favourite "Black and White". The four ex-Beatles were establishing themselves as solo artists. John Lennon and Yoko Ono were combining music with conceptual art as The Plastic Ono Band. George Harrison was trying to help the population of disaster-struck Bangladesh. Singer-songwriters were all the rage. Carol King released "Tapestry". Joni Mitchell released "Blue". James Taylor released "Mud Slide Slim and the Blue Horizon". Cat Stevens released "Teaser and the Firecat". Isaac Hayes released "The Theme from Shaft". Paul Simon was teaching songwriting classes at New York University. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young released "4 Way Street". Bob Marley released "Soul Revolution Part II". Bob Dylan's 1966 book "Tarantula" was at long last published and Dylan's 1971 single was a tribute to the murdered Black Panther leader George Jackson. In the early 70s everybody wanted to be radical and creative. You had to write or draw find yourself and do your thing.

Of course I wanted to write but I also wanted to do painting, drawing, all the visual arts and comedy, drama, all the performing arts too.

If pressed on the matter I would probably confess that I wanted to save the world, cure cancer, open a private detective agency, have a hit record in the charts, invent a time machine and be not only a train driver but also a ballerina.

I was a boy. Transitioning into a young adult, but still a boy.

I left home thinking, like Snoopy Dog on top of his kennel, "Here's the bold adventurer starting out on his magical quest to find England". I decided that the best place to look for England would be in England, although admittedly there were bits of England to be found everywhere else in the world.

I began by heading to the South Coast, to Brighton, by way of Croydon strangely enough. My route was from Morden to Croydon to Brighton to Salisbury by a series of long walks and train journeys.

It was important to walk.

I was savouring the spirituality of my first visit to Stonehenge.

At 18 I hadn't read any Kerouac but years later, when I did, I recognised that experience of the psychophysical landscape. Slowly moving on up the road to the great stones. The mysterious, the magical, the ancient, the special.

Brighton was a land of cafes and slot machine arcades, hotels and gift shops, the beach, the pier and the Royal Pavilion.

In my mind the visit to Brighton was The Adventure of Brighton during which my fortune was read by Eva Petulengro on the pier and I learned that the word "Bok" in the Romany

language meant “luck”. Good luck was “Kushti Bok” and I began to construct a whole system of ideas based on “Kushti Bok” as I travelled along the road.

Then sleeping on a hillside looking down at Salisbury and rising in the morning to begin another long walk of twelve miles to Stonehenge. My route was along the A345 to join the A303.

Of course, a lot of my consciousness of England was now of roads and railroads. As my father before me had travelled the roads and railroads of Canada in the 1930s and that ultra long journey he made in the 1940s from England, back to Canada and then from Ontario to Detroit, Michigan and by train all the way from Detroit to Galveston on the South coast of Texas and from there to join his ship as he and his comrades sailed across the Atlantic to liberate Italy from Fascism. His was a bigger journey than Frodo’s quest for the ring. My father was born in 1904. He was 49 years older than me. He had lived through the Great Depression years in North America. He had travelled across Canada like thousands of others looking for the chance of work. My journey was just beginning. I had to find whatever I would find.

When I got to Stonehenge there was a fence around it and I stood and looked in awe, feeling “at last I’m really here at the spiritual place”.

There was an American family on the other side of the fence and the father of that family ruined my spiritual moment by coming over and saying “Hey! You want tickets?” I didn’t recognise him at the time but, years later, I realised that he was the dead spit of Harlan Ellison in speech mannerisms, appearance and body language. Probably just someone cast in the same mould though. There must be a great many people with that cheerfully callous disregard for the spirit. Whoever he was, he had the capitalist’s power to destroy, with a few caustic words, all feelings of the soul and the spirit.

Stonehenge is spiritual because it represents a freedom from Christianity and it represents a power of life which isn’t all up in the clouds and which comes from below as well as above. Stonehenge is spiritual because it represents the possibility of de-colonisation from Rome and from Holy Rome and from the obfuscation of knowledge by the technical use of Roman Latin in science and medicine and law.

In those days, though, it was more of a feeling in the atoms of my body.

After The Adventure of Stonehenge I travelled on and found my way across country to Yeovil, slept in a hay barn until morning, and picked up another train, this time north to Manchester.

Manchester was a bit of a learning experience for me.

Naïve boy that I was I arrived in the North Full of high hopes of adventure.

In my record collection at home I had the Broadway cast recording of the hippy rock musical “Hair”. In the lyrics Claude Hooper Bukowski dreams of escaping from “slummy mucky Flushing” Queens, New York, New York to the fabled dreamland of “Manchester, England, England, across the Atlantic Sea”.

The world is full of people wanting to escape.

My grandad left Scotland to become a Canadian. My dad left Canada to settle in England. And here was me, leaving home to travel around England to discover the true spirit and soul of the place. The apple falls a long way from the tree but it rolls back to the tree again. I went to the Manchester Alternative General Information Centre (M.A.G.I.C.) and asked the couple who ran the place for the address of a temporary "crash pad".

They gave me the address of a contact called Tony who lived in Salford. He agreed to let me sleep on his floor for a few nights.

Everywhere looked like Coronation Street, one of the most famous fictional streets in England. I tried to find work in Manchester but employers looked at me as if I was mad, coming from the South East of England to look for work in Manchester. I thought I might try being a street artist, I bought some chalks and tried to draw something interesting on a sidewalk near the Mancunian Way, a flyover which sat on top of the city like a landed concrete spacecraft. My drawing was a waste of time though and it was pretty certain that it would not be providing me with any income. My artistic abilities seemed to have either deserted me or gone into hiding. A few attempts produced miserable pathetic cartoons showing no inspiration whatsoever.

I had overstayed my welcome at Tony's flat and was ready to make the return trip to Surrey.

My main discoveries in Manchester were:

- (1) dandelion and burdock (which, in those days we didn't have in the South East)
- (2) cheese and onion pies in chip shops (which our South East chip shops didn't have)
- (3) if you're a long haired teenager from the South East don't expect to find a job in the North West.

I went back to the South East and the following year, after I had worked in a job to build up some funds again, I went to Glastonbury in the South West.

I was there in 1972 when the Tor Fair Field was taken over by a Theatre Company called The Welfare State.

I was there in 1973 when someone sent the word around that the Assembly Rooms had been opened up and a squat had been established there.

The Glastonbury Assembly Rooms had been locked up and unavailable for public use for many years. The "hippies", calling themselves "The New Glastonbury Community" were able to gain access to the building and a squat began.

Baggins's brother John gave me something I'd never had before. A half tablet of acid.

I spent the next xyz number of hours looking at wall murals which may or may not have existed. They were good ones though.

The end result of the squatting of the Assembly Rooms was that Glastonbury Town Council relented and the building was returned back into public use again. The Assembly Rooms continues to the present as a music and arts venue with a café where I worked when I came back to Glastonbury in the 1980s.

The fascinating thing is the relationship between community and spirituality. Even without any religious belief community projects have soul.

When a group of people get onto the same wavelength and start working towards the achieving the same result, the same shared goal, they are like the lines of force around a magnet, the ley lines of iron filings making their own localised north-south alignment. Like standing stones the bones of the soul, the road of the unconscious, the psychogeography of single purpose.

A possible ley line connects Lizard Point with Plymouth, Exeter, Glastonbury, Oxford and Cambridge. It is not a straight line and perhaps only passes by some of these places. Whether it touches all of them depends on how wide the line is supposed to be. There is no industry standard width for ley lines and perhaps they don't exist at all.

The patterns of human habitation on the surface of the Earth's crust are a matter of history, anthropology, sociology, archaeology, cartography, etc. The patterns of the Earth's electro-magnetic field are a matter of physics etc. Any connection between the two is speculative. The lines of force are invisible except when they reach the north and south poles and collide with charged particles from the sun. Then the conflict between the two becomes the Northern Lights and the Southern Lights. That is when the dragons breathe their fire.

Another speculative ley line crosses the first one in the area of Milton Keynes and Bletchley Park. This second one connects London, Paris, Nice, Corsica, Sicily, Khartoum, Mogadishu, Northampton, The Lake District, Glasgow, Ben Nevis, Iceland and Greenland.

The world tree with The Chaos in the centre and the children of that chaos are rivers and roads, valleys and trackways, a repeating pattern from the chaotic source. A universe shackled to freedom. Enslaved to infinite choices. And all are tributaries of the Great Freedom.